

Jon ran outside with his baseball glove as soon as he got home from school. The boys on the block were playing baseball down at the city park, and he did not want to miss his chance to play first base. Besides, if he didn't leave quickly, Mom would call him in to practice the violin.

"Oh, Jon," called Mother as soon as she heard the back door slam, "come in and practice the violin." Jon groaned because he knew he had been caught. "Now, Jon," said his mother, "you know that your school concert is coming up soon and you must practice." "Oh, Mom," Jon said, "I've got to go play first base. The guys need me." "I'm sorry," said Mom, "but your concert is next week and you must practice. You can go play baseball after you practice," Mom said as she walked back into the house.

Jon walked back into the house, dragging his glove behind him. Oh, how he hated to practice the violin! It was not his idea to play the violin. Jon had wanted to play the drums or a trumpet in the band. However, Jon's mother had thought it would be nice if he played the violin. She talked to Jon's father about it, too, so Jon finally gave in and played the violin.

Every afternoon Jon would have to stay in his room and practice for one hour. The hour seemed to drag on forever. Jon screeched out the notes on the violin while watching the clock to see when his hour was up. This afternoon was the same, as Jon played "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" while watching the clock the whole time.

After the hour was up, Jon ran down to the city park to play baseball. At last he was free! The other boys teased him about playing the violin. Jon just kept telling them that this was not his idea.

The day of the concert finally arrived. Jon sat in the front row with his violin resting on his knee. He felt very hot in his white shirt and tie. With all of the other students, Jon began to play the songs that he had practiced. One by one, the class squeaked out "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and all of the other songs they had worked on. When they had finished, the parents stood up and clapped.

Jon watched the parents smiling and clapping. He could see his parents in the third row smiling up at him. "Really," he thought, "it's nice to have people clap for you. This isn't so bad after all." Jon felt better about playing the violin.

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